AN AMERICAN STONEHENGE.

Far up on these abandoned mountain farms. Now drifting back to forest wilds again. The lang, gray walls extend their dissping

Corporate in stone, they wind o'er hill and dell 'Mid orehards long deserted, fields unaborn. The crumbiling fragments resting where they

Forgotten, worthises to a race newtorn.

Mearer than stones of storied Saxon name These speechings rolles to our hearts should lier for a priest's or monarch's fame, a farmer lived and died to shape a home.

What days of linely toil he undertook!

What years of from labor: and for what?
Fo yield the chipmunk one more secret nook,
The gilding snake one more sequestored spot.

So little time on earth; so much to do; Yet all that waste of weary, toilworn hands! Life came and went: the patient task is through; The nen are gone; the idle structure stands. —T. W. Huginson in New England Magazine.

TWO PAINTED DOORS.

Mr. Milner boarded at 8 Simpson terrace (there was no terrace, but the squire thought the name sounded so-norous and pleasant, so he had chris-tened his five little cottages "Simpson's serace"). He boarded with Mrs. Chipley and her two daughters, Mand and Marian, who felt it a great distinction to be of any service, however slight, to

Mand gattered fresh flowers for the study table every day. Marian sat up late nights to iron and mend table linen so that the good man might have a clean napkin every day, and to darn his stockings so that you could not tell mended pieces from the whole, and the little widow herself exhausted every culinary resource to humor his dyspepsia and to contrive dainty dishes out of the least possible foundation. To these three simple women Rev. Milo Milner was like an embodied saint.

"And now that Mr. Milner is safely gone for the day," said Mrs. Chipley, we'll clean the sitting room and whitewash the walls. Run to Dixey's, Maud, for a lump of unslacked lime; and-oh, by the way, bring some corumeal, dear. We'll have hasty pudding for dinner and eat at the kitchen table. Some hasty pudding and milk will do for us

"Of course it will do, mamma," said

"I just like pudding and milk!" cried Marian, jumping gleefully up and down, "and, although Mr. Milner is such a dear, good man, yet it is a sort of relief to have him gone once in awhile, so that we can clean house and eat hasty pudding and milk. Oh, Maud! she whispered to her sesthetic sister, as Mrs. Chipley went out to hang the big kettle over the fire, "I've such an idea in my head! If you'll only get a little grass green paint, ready mixed, when you are at Dixey's, and a medium sized brush!"

"Green paint, Marian! What for?"
"Hush! don't let mamma hear! I'm so tired of hearing this called the house with the blue door."

Mand obeyed. Although the elder in point of years, she had long been accusmed to be domineered over by pretty. positive Marian.

But it is the strangest thing, Marian," she said, as fifteen or twenty minules later she handed over a mysterious tin can and an oblong paper parcel to her sister; "Jos Dean is out now painting his door blue."

"Tastes differ," said Marian, shrug-ging her shoulders, now invested in a preternaturally shabby old calico gown, suitable only to the extremest exigencies of housecleaning time.

"Blue is a lovely color, but as applied to a house door I am heartily sick of it. Joe Dean has no more taste than a New-

foundland dog." "The Deans are expecting city com-pany to luncheon," said Maud. "They sent to borrow the butterfly china plates

this morning."
"It must be nice to have city company," sighed Marian.

"Oh, but to think of the work of it!" said Maud, lifting both her hands.

Mrs. Chipley came in at that moment also clad in what Marian called her "scrubbing regimentals," and wearing an olive silk handkerchief tied around her still bright and glossy hair, and the three set themselves determinedly to work.

Rev. Mile Milner, on reaching the railway station, received a telegram that his friend, Professor Klingenburg, could not possibly meet him that day. "Very good," said Mr. Milner, "I'll

just step back home and get a mouthful of luncheon, and then I'll go to look over those ancient manuscripts with Dr. Hodges. He has been urging me to do so for some time past, and I may never have a better opportunity than this."

Mr. Milner tucked the umbrella under

his arm, tipped his black, wide rimmed hat over his eyes and set off on a swift swinging stride back to Simpson terrace. The blue door stood wide open. So he walked in without the least ceremony.

"Fresh paint!" he said to himself, elevating his thin nostrils. "If there's anything on the face of the earth I detest it is fresh paint. And I've got it all over the skirts of my best coat too! Where is Mrs. Chipley? What has become of the girls? Nobody ever seems to be in the way when they're wanted. But, fortunately, here's luncheon ready wonder now how it happened. How could they know I was coming back. Cold roast grouse, with current jelly-chicken salad, pickled oysters-really, now, this is something quite beyond the ordinary run of our bills of fare!"

The paster sat down and ate with an excellent appetite. He made a big hole in the chicken salad mound; he picked the bones of a crisp, brown grouse with gennine satisfaction; he buttered a flaky coit and added to its flavor by several

spoonfuls of amber quince preserve.
"All the same," said he to himself, as he wiped his mouth with a damask napkin and rose from his chair, with a. other glave at the vegetable shaped watch, "this sort of thing is quite beyoud Mrs. Chipley's means. I thought she had better sense. I must really speak to her about it. In the meantime I must make good speed if I expect to have much time at my friend Hodge's

Away he trudged, much comforted and entained as regarded his inner man. "Jost Jos!" shrinked Miss Francesca Dann, coming into the room a few mingies later, "what have you done? Eaten publican, in the following paragraph: up all the company luncheon? Oh, you

Joe from an upper room, where he was transforming himself from an amateur transforming himself from an amateur journeyman painter to a modern tennis player. "What are you talking about?" "Some one has eaten his fill!" cried Miss Francesca. "Just look at the

"Then it's some tramp sneaked in through the door that I left open to dry the paint," bawled Joe, smiting his leg. And while the Dean family were endeavoring to repair damages the task of housecleaning went swimmingly on at the Chipley domicile, only two doors away, the girls and their mother scarcely taking time to sit down and eat their hasty pudding, which, by the way, got scorched through Maud's overdevotion to putting the chintz curtains at the stor's study windows.

But hasten as they would, the newly whitewashed walls were scurcely dry, and the furniture not yet rearranged, when dusk descended on the scene and

Rev. Mile Milner came in.
"Oh, take care, Mr. Milner!" ex-claimed Mand, "the door—the paint is

Mr. Milner solemnly advanced into the area of the lamplight, and twisting himself around to get at the skirts of his coat eyed them disconsolately. "More paint," said he. "Blue paint!"

"No," said Marion. "Green. The two colors were ludicrously alike by lamplight. The green might be mistaken for a lively blue-the blue for a dull green.

"Blue!" said the pastor firmly. "Do you think I haven't the use of my eyes?" "Green," persisted Marian. "I know, because I put it on myself."
"It is not well," said Rev. Milner,

"for the young to be too positive."
"But truth is truth," said Maud. "And while I'm about it," said Mr. Milner, now thoroughly exasperated, "I deem it my duty to remonstrate with you concerning the extravagant and un-

warranted style of diet in which you indulge during my absence!" "I don't know what you mean," said Mrs. Chipley, feebly catching her breath. "Hasty pudding and milk can't be called extravagance," hazarded Maud. "Seorched at that," murmured Ma-

"Roast grouse and corrent jelly," said the pastor. "Chicken salad and sponge cake. And-here again I trust to the evidence of my eyesight-all set out on your old butterily pattern china. I know, because I ate of it myself."

"You-you got into the wrong house," gasped Maud. "It was the house with the blue door," serenely uttered Mr. Milner, as if this

Marian clapped her hands hysterically.
"Mamma," she cried; "Maud, Mr. Milner was the tramp who ate up Miss Dean's company luncheon. That was just what Francesca Dean told me they had prepared! And on our butterfly

were an incontrovertible argument.

"It was the house with the blue door," stubbornly replied Mr. Milner.
"But Joe Dean painted their door blue today!" exclaimed Marian. "And I

painted ours green." given me for my meddling interfer-

"But really," said mischievous Maud "hasty pudding isn't an extravagance."

Mrs. Chipley and Marian hastened to
deprecate the pastor's humility, and he
went sadly to make his peace with Miss

Francesca Dean. "It is kind o' queer," said Deacon Philpott, talking the matter over some days afterward. "The dominie, he plumb admits that he's sort o' absentminded, and needs a wife to keep him straight. And I'll bet even on pretty Miss Maud and Francesca Dean."

The deacon, however, was wrong for once in his life. Pastor Milner did get married, but it was neither to blue eyed Francesca nor dark orbed Maud. Like a sensible man he proposed to Widow Chipley herself, and was accepted at

"But if Mrs. Milner does not object," he said, with due courtesy, "I should like to have the front door painted blue once more."-Home Queen.

New York from the Outside.

New Yorkers and persons who come here frequently do not realize the strong desire to see the city that exists in small and distant communities -a desire which often amounts to the ambition of a lifetime. A few summers ago, in a little village in a remote corner of one of the middle states, was encountered a woman of forty, a spinster, who, when she found her new acquaintance was from New York, began a spirited conversation about the city, reciting streets glibly, indicating localities and betraying so much accurate knowledge of the place that her listener finally asked her how long since she had left it.

"Oh, I've never been in New York," was the reply. "I've wanted to always, and I'm hoping to go this fall; I've got two maps of the city, though, and I've worn them out studying the places. I believe I could go with my eyes shut

from the Battery to Central park." It is gratifying to record that her ambition was realized the following autumn, and it was little short of marvelous to see how completely this country woman had New York at her fingers' ends.-New York Times.

A REVENUE TARIFF.

It Means Duties Levied on Imports Which

Do Not Compete with Our Productions. Those Democratic papers which see in the pronounced free trade plank of the Democratic platform a serious dangerand there are not a few of them-are beginning to shift anxiously about in search of an argument with which to nullify that platform's influence. No longer having to deal with that large and clastic term of tariff "reform," but confronted with the bold issue of free trude itself, they are finding the contract on their hands a bigger one than they hargained for, and are now scrambling around in all directions to devise some means of softening down the hard tones of their free trade proclamation. The favorite plan hit upon by these wavering "reformers" is one first enunciated by one of the most eloquent advocates of



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as a tariff confined to certain luxuries and articles not produced in this country to a large extent. But he never undertook to explain how \$200,000,000 of revenue was to be raised from such a tariff. It is an impossibility. Tea, coffee, sugar, tobacco, wine and other spirits could not be made to yield more than one-half the necessary revenue. The rest of the tax must be distributed over the schedule of manufactures, and \$100,-000,000 from this source would give all the protection any industry needs."

This argument is a decidedly weak one, firstly, because it beautifully ex-poses the "honesty" of the Mugwump in supporting a platform which promises something that he thinks impossible of performance, and secondly, because it is untrue. The Democrats advocate a tariff for revenue only, and according to the doctrines of the most distinguished mbers of their own party, from the late Daniel Manning, secretary of the treasury, down to Roger Q. Mills, if this means anything at all, it means duties levied on noncompeting products. The construction of such a tariff, far from being impossible, is one of the easiest things in the world, as can be readily own. As late as the year 1870 we levied revenue duties on tea, coffee and sugar, these duties being twenty-five cents a pound on tea, five cents a pound on coffee and three cents a pound on

Suppose those duties on coffee and sugar would be reimposed today, and allow even for a lowering of the duty on tea to twenty cents per pound. During the year 1891 we imported 1,762,498,-238 pounds of sugar (unrefined), 580,995,-965 pounds of coffee and 87,929,278 pounds of tea. At the rate of twenty, five and three cents per pound on tea, coffee and sugar respectively, these three articles alone would have pro-The pastor sank limply into a chair.

"Then," he said, "I've got green and blue paint both on the skirts of my coat, would be far more than enough to make and I have made a dreadful blunder in up the remainder. So it is little less the bargain! And I must go at once and than a downright falsehood to say that apologize to the Dean family; but not such a tariff is an impossibility, as the until you, my kind friends, have for- people would find out to their cost were they to defeat the Republican candidates next fall.

Iron Workers Want Protection. Here is what the Amalgamated Asso ciation of Iron and Steel Workers said in their memorial to congress protesting against the passage of the Mills bill: "Some will argue that our employers will reduce our wages anyway, even though the tariff remains as it is. We ask you to leave that to us and we will endeavor to take care of ourselves. As is customary in all branches of business, we have our little family quarrels, but we dislike outsiders to interfere in the settlement thereof. We ask a respectful hearing, to the end that we may be allowed through the medium of protection against foreign competition to maintain decent living wages." Why doesn't the New York Times quote these sentiments in one of its editorials on iron workers' wages?

Skillful Accountant. M. Calino was boasting of the skill of a friend of his who is an accountant

in a bank. "Why," said he, "I've seen him take a great package of ten dollar bills, and count them off like lightning, and never make a mistake."

"What! Never any mistake at all?" "Well, never of more than five or ten cents!"-Youth's Companion.

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About eighteen months ago a small speck appeared on my ankle; it resembled a fish scale; it become larger, and I consulted a physician who pronounced it peoriasis or monied disease, became it resembled monoy. I applied an ointment, but it spread until at last it covered aimost my chilmbody. My suffering was something services, bur ing and itching sensation continuity until the carealmost mendourable. I suffered to there expectally at highly, and for two months I was compelled to alway with glower on. I became despersts. I would have given anything to be relieved of the inching sensation. I titled a number of transition without any relief. I was requested to try Curitura, this I did, and to me great surprise. I was releved after the first application. I used the Curitura, this I did, and to me great surprise. I was releved after the first application. I used the Curitura, ing to directions for about four or five weeks when I was entirely errord. But what a relief it was to a strict the surfacing I went through. I cannot peak with too much favor for the "Curitura. Exemits," and I would recommend it to all these too are suffering from the same disease that I have suffered.

JOHN T. MELOUY.

Cuticura Resolvent

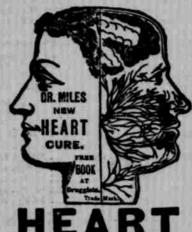
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Mingwimp doctrines, the Springfield Republican, in the following paragraph:

"Governor McKinley brings into all his tariff speeches the bugaboo of a Demo"I didn't do no such thing," shouted

Mingwimp doctrines, the Springfield Republican, in the following paragraph:

"Governor McKinley brings into all his tariff speeches the bugaboo of a Democratic revenue tariff, which he describes



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eight, "etc. etc. etc. How exhaus. tive it must be to "sower sleep." One must naturally get "very tires," We must acknowledge the corn, but nevertheless we want vour les tracie, your Cost trade, also Lime.

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SUMMER SNAPS!

The third week in August is usually extremely dull in mercantile circles, but the modern merchant is not content to remain idle and wait for busier times. We are determined to have not one dull moment in our store this week and to keep things lively we put forward these bargain chances.

- SEE THAT YOU SEE THEM -

We've a lot of Summer Suits left-one, two and three of a kind in \$22.00, \$20.00 and \$18.00 grades. We have bunched them together and \$12.00 takes them this week-

One thousand is about the number of Pants we have too many for our present needs. Slash goes the knife and our \$6.00, \$5.00 and \$4.00 values go for \$3.50 during the next six days.

Isn't your straw hat getting to look a little shabby? We're going to sell, this week, 50 dozen nice new Soft Felt Hats in the latest shades and shapes, worth \$1.25,

"WE ARE IN IT."

It seems as if we would always be overstocked in our Children's Department, but we're going to get rid of some goods this week by selling \$6.00, \$5.00 and \$4.00 suits for THREE DOLLARS.

In our Men's Furnishings Department we offer some extra special inducements. We closed out 100 dozen of the famous wire buckle suspenders, made of imported web with silk ends and the finest trimmings, easily worth 75c, which we will sell this week for 45c.

A specially fine Night Robe, well made of Wamsutta muslin with pretty embroi dered front, only 50c.

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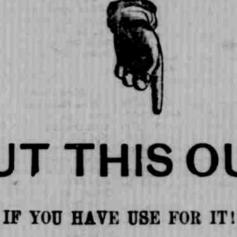
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